

Tears.

These are the blown spindrift that is
lashed from the face of the waters
That cover the Soul with Care;
These are the Children of Sorrow, these
are the sons and the daughters
Sped forth from thy house, Despair!
Spray that is flung on the desolate cliffs
from the depths of the sea-sources
To lie, like a veil, on our biers;
Children that follow the plumes and the
step of the stately black horses;
Slow mourners, sure comforters—Tears!
—Will H. Ogilvie, in Spectator.

He Made Amends

When Ned Dalton married Una Perkins the village gossips reaped a harvest.

Every one had something to say except the man whose heart was smarting under the wrong dealt him by the friend and schoolmate of his boyhood and the woman he had loved ever since she was a wee lass.

When some of his friends came to him to offer sympathy, Tom Reed met them with an impenetrable reserve. He turned with renewed fervor to his work upon a wonderful invention, which he never ceased to believe would one day make his fortune.

Una and Ned went to housekeeping in a cozy little cottage on the edge of the village, and for a time it seemed as if the dark prognostications would prove false.

Then Ned got into bad company and neglected his wife and home. After the baby came it was worse. Una expostulated, entreated, rebelled.

They quarreled bitterly and one dark, dismal November night Ned took the midnight train to Greenfield and the next morning was speeding away on the Northern Pacific express to Seattle, the gold fever in his veins and the Klondike a dazzling vision before his eyes. He left a letter for Una:

"I've gone to make my fortune in the gold fields. If I never come back, marry Tom. He always loved you, and it will be some amends for the wrong we both did him."

Una read the note with blinding tears, and fancied her heart was broken. But as the months passed and grew into years, and no word came from her husband, it was Tom she thought of most.

For the first year after her husband left she watched every mail, hoping that it would bring her some message. Now five years had gone, and she had given up all hope.

One day as she came home from work, her mother met her at the door. "Una, we have heard at last," she said, as she put a western paper in her daughter's hands, and pointed to a small notice marked in blue pencil.

Died—In Denver, May 18, Edward Dalton, aged 32. Westbrook, Conn., papers please copy.

"Now Tom will surely come," Una thought. But he did not.

One day she learned that he was ill, in dire poverty in a neighboring city. She went to the address that had been given her, and stumbled up the dark, ill-smelling stairs to the wretched hall bedroom that he occupied. Knocking timidly at the door, she received no response. She opened the door softly.

"Una!" He had awakened and recognized her.

"Una, why have you come?"

"To ask your forgiveness, Tom."

"You had that long ago. Do you



Una read the note with blinding tears.

think I don't know what you have suffered?"

"Then why have you stayed away all these years, Tom?"

"Can you ask? Look around. What have I to offer any woman. You've had enough of poverty, my girl."

"But your invention! Surely, Tom, you can interest some one in that."

"I've tried, Una—every friend I know."

"But have you tried our manager, Mr. Norton? He made a fortune in oil last year, and has plenty of ready capital."

"Why do you think he would help me?"

"From something his wife told me."

You know, she has been such a friend to me, Tom.

That was the beginning of Tom's good fortune. Mr. Norton was interested in his behalf and advanced funds. Soon Tom had regained his former strength and was working all day and long into the night at the factory which bore the name of Norton, Reed & Co.

Una and Tom were married on the day that the factory wheels first started to run, and even the village gossips admitted that they would surely be happy at last.

And so they were until the time



Under the window he paused and looked in.

turned. A wealthy firm than Norton, Reed & Co. manufactured sweaters and caps at prices with which they could not hope to compete. Tom was in despair, for again ruin stared him in the face.

One drizzling night a stranger alighted at the station, took the only cab the village afforded and told the driver, Old Bill Streaker, to take him to Thomas Reed's. On the way they conversed.

"Did you know a fellow who lived here once by the name of Ned Dalton. I met him out west," the stranger said.

"Did I know Ned Dalton? Well, I guess I did. Every one knew him. Good hearted as the day was long, but shiftless. Just about broke Una Perkins' heart, and played Tom Reed a mighty dirty trick. Tom and Ned were chums till Tom fell in love with Una, and then Ned cut him out. Darned if I know how he did, though, even if he was a handsome cuss."

"But she got her reward all right. She and Ned lived a cat and dog life, and one night he sneaked off to the gold fields. She never saw him again, and then Ned cut him out. Darned if I know how he did, though, even if he was a handsome cuss."

"Then she married Tom. That's just about a year ago. They were happy as clams at first, but they've had mighty mean luck of late. They're poor as a church mouse, they say."

When they got in sight of the house the stranger gave the old man a dollar and dismissed the cab.

Lights gleamed from the little cottage. The stranger stood a long time leaning over the gate, smoking his cigar. Then he threw it aside, set his jaw, squared his shoulders, opened the gate and walked up the path. Under the window he paused and looked in.

Tom sat at the open fireplace staring in at the fire. Una sat at his feet, leaning against his knee. Her boy, sprawled at full length beside her, played with a kitten. Una's face was turned toward the window, and it looked wan and white in the firelight. Tom's hand was resting lightly on her head.

A cold December rain was falling but the drops on the cheeks of the stranger were warm. Then he turned and walked rapidly away in the darkness.

A week later Mr. Norton came to Tom, his face radiant with good news. "An order for 1,000 sweaters, caps and leggings from Messrs. Lucky, Strike & Co., Chicago, Tom!"

After that orders poured in so rapidly that Tom could hardly fill them, and with every order came a check in payment. Other firms, seeing the output of the factory, gained confidence in them, and gave them their orders, and in a few months the business was on a paying basis.

Then one day Tom read the following article, clipped from a Seattle paper:

"The proprietor of the Lucky Strike

mine, on the upper Yukon, who is said to have taken out some \$5,000,000 of gold in the last three years, owes the discovery of this rich claim to the Indians. He has repaid them in the following original manner: Every man, woman and child of the entire tribe has received the present from him of a woolen sweater, cap and leggings. These garments are of as many colors as Jacob's coat, and the tribe is not only the most comfortably clad, but the most picturesque Indians we have in the far west."

Tom took the paper to Una. "Can it be—?" His lips failed to speak the name.

Some few months ago a San Francisco paper printed the report of a steamer lost en route to Alaska. Among the passenger list was the name of Ned Collins, who was once the proprietor of the Lucky Strike mine, and who was known as Lucky Ned Collins.

He had squandered a fortune in wild plunging on the New York stock exchange and was returning to Alaska to retrieve his fortune. He was said to have been worshiped by the Indians, who would erect a monument to his memory on the site of the old mine now deserted.

They did, and though the inscription on the rude stone only commemorates the generosity of Lucky Ned Collins Una and Tom read between the lines "I've made amends to you."—Helen Farr Hunter in Boston Globe.

EXAMPLES OF RUSSIAN RULE.

How Czar's Officers Deal With Unfortunate Chinese.

An English writer tells some extraordinary stories of Russian rule in the far east. "It is not necessary," he says, "to repeat here the tale of the horrors of Blakaveshchensk, but a personal friend of mine is a witness to their reality. On his way to that city while two days' journey down the river he saw floating on the water the corpse of a Chinaman. Then he passed another and another; then two together tied by their pigtails; then more until as he drew near the city the drowned bodies lay so thickly together that the whole broad sweep of the river was one dark mass of floating dead. Tied together by their pigtails, and many of them horribly mutilated, the dead Chinese in their hundreds, in their thousands, stretched from bank to bank, a moving river of the dead. In the spring of 1901 another friend of mine was traveling in Manchuria. He was accompanied by his Chinese comrade. When they left the railway line and struck across country in carts the land became suddenly dead; each village as they entered it was deserted. Signs of life, recent life, were there in plenty, loaves of bread in the ovens, pigs in the yards, fires in the houses, but no people, not a sign of man, woman or child. He had come on business, to buy pigs' bristles, and in order to buy it was necessary to find some one to sell, but no one was there. The first day they wandered, the second they consulted and then the comrade said he had a plan. Would the master stay a long way outside the next village quite hidden and let him go on alone? The master could do it. The explanation was simple but sufficient. The Russians had occupied Manchuria for a year and the Chinese were acquainted with their rule. Seeing a white man coming toward the village they naturally mistook him for a Russian and fled, man, woman and child, leaving all their earthly possessions behind them, hoping perhaps that he would be content with loot and leave life alone."

The Flower of Liberty.

What flower is this that greets the morn?
Its hues from heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land;
O tell us what its name may be—
Is this the flower of Liberty?
It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage Nature's far abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;
The storm winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves are streaked with blood.

Till, lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Behold its streaming rays unite,
One mingled flood of braided light—
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from northern snows,
And, spangled o'er with azure, see
The sister stars of Liberty.

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round;
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread,
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea!

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew—
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

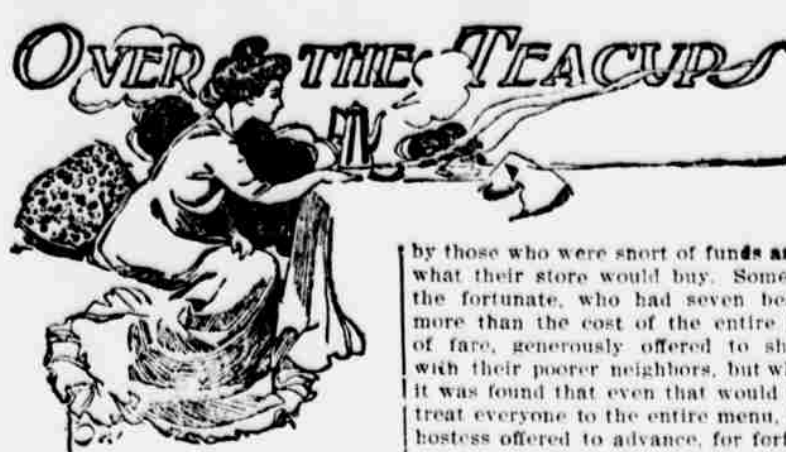
Ingratitude.

Not till the cruel roughening of the way,
Not till the hopeless tiring of the feet,
Not till the dusk and fading of the day
Is the home most sweet.

Not till our joy has turned to memory,
Not till our hearts are wearied out with
fasting
Do we lift beaten hands and cry to thee,
Life everlasting!

Lord Kelvin a Great Scientist.

Lord Kelvin, who has come before the public again in connection with some scientific discussions in London, has been called "the greatest all-around man of science living." He took his college degree in his early teens, and although he is now nearly 80 years old is recognized by scientists to be in his intellectual prime.

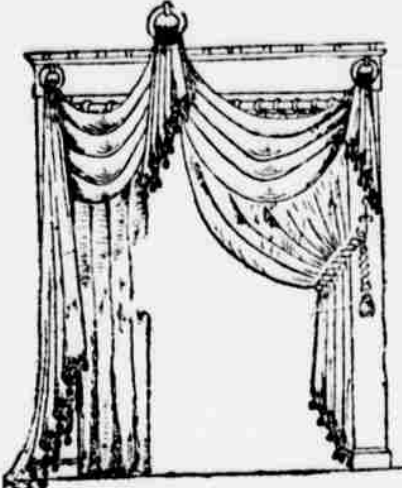


Frocks for Little Ones.

A noticeable feature of the new frocks for the little ones is the continued popularity of black and white. The liking for this combination of extremes has gained rather than lost with time. Frocks for almost every occasion are of soft white fabrics, trimmed with broad sashes with long loops and ends at the waist and with floating ribbons at cuffs and collar. Over this is worn the redingote of black velvet, silk, cloth or moire which has been in style so long, and a hat either of black or white.

Beautifying the Home.

The door drapery presented is also suitable for a window. The best effect may be obtained by the use of fifty-inch double-faced velour, which comes



Door Drapery.

in solid colors only. If fringed in a contrasting color it is made doubly effective. The overdrapery, which is the main feature of this drapery, may also be arranged with one pair of portieres fifty inches wide and nine feet long, providing the space to be draped is five feet and does not exceed seven feet wide. This alone makes a complete drapery devoid the straight hangings at the sides. The overdrapery is arranged with the aid of three 4 1/2-inch brass or wood rings. The center ring should be placed about twelve inches above the door facing and rest on an 8-inch brass extension bracket. The other two rings are placed on the door facing as seen in the illustration.



Clean the steelwork of your kitchen range when discolored by rubbing with vinegar.

When making a cake, if you want it to slip easily out of the tin, grease the tin first and then sprinkle well with flour.

To clean tin or nickel kettles, rub first with turpentine or paraffin, and afterwards with a cloth, dipped in dry, prepared whiting or chalk.

Flatiron holders if lined with a layer of old soft leather, like the top of a boot, will protect your hand from heat far better than if made in the ordinary way.

French Women of Fashion.

The French woman of fashion is most careful that every detail of her costume should perfectly harmonize. Stockings, shoes, petticoat, gloves and handkerchiefs have long been chosen with this end in view, but this summer has added jewelry. Especially must the summer girl exercise care in the selection of the long chains of real or imitation stones which adorn her neck. She must either keep to a limited range of color in her gowns, or else have an unlimited supply of chains. These made from the imitation stones are quite as pretty as their more expensive prototypes, so that they will be widely worn. At the jewelry counters can be seen anxious women who are trying to match dress materials with the shimmering bead chains. It is not an easy task. As one shopper said, "I think that in the future I will buy my chains first and my dresses afterwards."

Novel Card Party.

At a recent card party the hostess puzzled her guests by providing beans as tallies, instead of paper stars and hearts. Five beans were awarded to the winners at the end of each game and one to the losers, each one being solemnly warned to keep his beans carefully in a little bag provided for the purpose. There was much confusion during the games as to the ultimate use of the beans, but no hint was given until, as the fallies for the last game were being distributed, a maid brought in dainty little bags of fine lace, the following astonishing information:

Sandwiches 5 beans
Coffee 3 beans
Almonds 5 beans
Olives 5 beans
Cakes 5 beans
Immediately there was anxious diving into bags to count up accumulated gains, and more anxious calculations

by those who were short of funds as to what their store would buy. Some of the fortunate, who had seven beans more than the cost of the entire bill of fare, generously offered to share with their poorer neighbors, but when it was found that even that would not treat everyone to the entire menu, the hostess offered to advance, for forfeit, enough to make up each deficiency. This was accepted, and later on the forfeits were redeemed, which was amusement enough for the rest of the evening.—Good Housekeeping.

THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN

Smart walking gloves are made up in two colors of kid.

Valenciennes medallions are inset in the daintiest lingerie.

A good deal of straw trimming is used on the new hats.

All-over embroidery is used for many of the modish blouses.

New fans are made of the bright plumage of tropical birds.

After the cape is coming the real old-fashioned "dolman," says Paris.

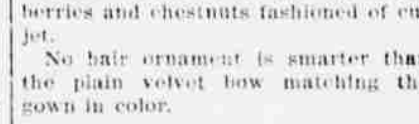
Those convenient robe gowns now come in foulards, louisines and taffetas.

Black silk stockings come with the college flags embroidered on the instep.

The little bonnet for elderly women has become an unprecedented elaboration.

Novel ornaments are the big black-berries and chestnuts fashioned of cut jet.

No hair ornament is smarter than the plain velvet bow matching the gown in color.



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Curtain rods that are very shabby can be freshened by painting with a coat of enamel of whatever color is the predominating note in the room.

A paste made of plaster of paris and well-beaten white of egg will mend valuable china, so that the point is hardly visible. But it must be washed quite clean first.

Ink spots on polished wood should be touched with sweet spirits of nitre. Use a tiny camel hair brush or feather to apply it, and rub the spot directly after with a cloth dipped in sweet oil.

Brass, if lacquered, should be rubbed with a cloth dipped in sweet oil, and afterward polished with soft cloths. Unlacquered brass can be cleaned with lemon juice or paraffin, and bath brick. Polish with dry brick finely powdered.

PRETTY COSTUMES FOR EARLY SUMMER.



French Voile and Nun's Veiling.

Two pretty gowns are shown here, one of French voile and the other of nun's veiling.

The voile gown has a coat to match, stylishly trimmed in a heavy Bulgarian lace. On each side of the skirt are three box-plaits which throw a pretty flare into the bottom of the skirt. A pretty flirty silk bodice is worn with this coat with a full bishop sleeve, which is left exposed by the voile sleeve, being slit to the elbow, turned back and faced with lace.

The hat is a fine white straw, with

Summer Muffs. A few muffs have been made for weddings to match the parasols trimmed with fruit and grass, or made in pink chiffon with roses. They do very well for bridesmaids. There are a good many fantastic ideas for weddings just now, and one of these is a large basket, behind which the bride and bridegroom stand to receive their friends. The handle stands up over their heads, and the basket is filled with tiny bouquets, which are scattered among the guests when the bride and bridegroom have left, and confetti or silver horseshoes have been sufficiently well circulated by their friends as they wish them God speed.

Pretty Afternoon Frocks.

An afternoon frock of tan-colored satin crepe de chine, with lace cap of

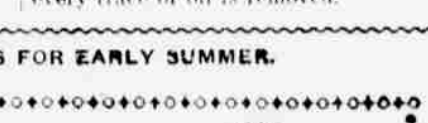


ecru. The tan parasol has a design in browns and greens, and the dark brown hat is trimmed in light brown, trimmed with green leaves.

Yellow and Black.

A popular combination in new millinery is that of yellow and black. A lovely hat is in black Neapolitan straw and pale yellow tulle. The crown is of fluted tulle, while the brim is of straw, faced with the tulle. Round the crown is a wreath of yellow and black roses and the same flowers trim the bandana, which raises the hat from the hair on the left side.

Piano keys that have become discolored cover with a rather thick paste made of lemon juice and prepared chalk or whiting. Be careful not to let it get between the keys. Leave a few minutes, then wash off with a soft cloth, wrung out of warm water. Polish with the thinnest drop of sweet oil, and then rub with soft duster till every trace of oil is removed.



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